

THE CARMELITE

VOLUME I

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GOLDEN BOUGH MOVIE

Following closely upon notice of the abandonment of the Golden Bough's season ticket sale comes the announcement that the beautiful playhouse has been leased to motion picture interests. Gerald Hardy, now leasing and operating the Manzanita Theatre, is named in the new lease as lessee. Hardy is now in Fresno, where he has other theatre interests. No direct statement of his intended policies in respect to the Golden Bough is at the moment obtainable. It is understood, however, that the theatre will re-open on or about November first, with two complete motion picture programs every night, and that the Manzanita will be opened on a part-time basis only.

"The leasing of the Golden Bough to Mr. Hardy for motion pictures is simply a business transaction, made advisable by recently established local commercialized competition, said Mr. Kuster yesterday.

"Similar offers by motion picture people have been made me from time to time ever since the Theatre opened, but until now I have resisted temptation.

"The future of the Golden Bough, after my return, is uncertain. Perry Newberry, in an editorial, says, 'this is the end of the story of Kuster's toy theatre.' Perhaps Newberry is right this time, though I wouldn't be too sure if I were he.

"The term of the lease and the other details of the transaction are hardly matters of public interest. However, in answer to numerous inquiries I will say that Mr. Hardy will have rights of subletting, and that doubtless the Music Society and other groups will find it possible to make use of the Golden Bough for their activities."

THE END OF THE THEATRE GUILD

The Theatre Guild of the Golden Bough has come to the end of its functions and stands adjourned sine die.

KAWEAH PEAKS OF SOUTHERN SIERRA



From a photograph by Ansel Adams.

DAWN SONG

(To J. B.)

I do not kneel to the dawn
With both hands equally outstretched.
My right hand rises from the ground,
My open left hand, uplifted to cup the night,
Falls slowly while the fingers close
As a night-flower droops with the dawn
Closing its petals
To hold the life-giving night...

Simultaneously,
My closed right hand
Lifting from the ground,
Bends upward and opens to the sun
As the unfolding petals of an orange poppy open,
Until the outstretched palm and curled fingers
Cup the sun in adoration.

—Hugo Seelig.

The City . . .

TOWARD CHANGE IN STATE EDUCATION

"I wouldn't dare say these things if I were running for election," said the State Superintendent of Education, Mr. Cooper, in a lecture last Thursday evening before the Peninsula League of Women Voters and the Parent Teachers' Association of the Monterey High School.

He was discussing Bill number Six, which is to come before the electorate shortly, and provides for an amendment to the state constitution.

This bill is the result of an effort to take the Department of Education out of politics, in so far as that is possible. Mr. Cooper discussed this very frankly.

At present the office of State Superintendent of Schools is elective and non-partizan. Inasmuch as the office of Governor is partizan, great disharmonies may result from such a combination. California has already witnessed the serious crippling of the Department of Education throughout several administrations by this very disharmony,—first in the case of Superintendent Hyatt and Governor Johnson; and later in the case of Superintendent Wood and Governor Richardson.

As a result of this controversy, the legislature of 1919 appointed a commission to make a thorough investigation of the educational administrative system in California. This commission filed a complete report two years later, with the urgent recommendation that the State Department of Education should be reorganized on a more rational system of relationships. As Superintendent Wood and Governor Stevens were however getting along very well, no attention was paid to this report.

In 1923 a double-headed organization came in again,—Superintendent Wood being a progressive in educational matters, and Governor Richardson a reactionary. A bitter fight went on between these two heads.

According to Mr. Cooper, the elective aspect of one of these two offices must go. Since it can hardly be the governor, it must be the State Superintendent of Education who is appointed. The types of men and women most desirable for such an office can moreover not be persuaded to enter the political situation of an election; and if the whole Board of Education were elected, valuable members such as are on the present board would not be available.

What then is the solution? Mr. Cooper himself believes that the simplest and easiest way is that the Governor appoint

the Director of Education. The educators of the state, however, have almost unanimously opposed this plan, shuddering at what might happen to education in California if another unprogressive governor came into office.

As a result of this feeling, a compromise has been made. The present bill provides that the State Director of Education shall be appointed by a State Board of Education consisting of ten members (not more than six of whom shall be of the same sex) holding office for a period of ten years. The system is arranged so that no governor would appoint a majority of the board unless he serves two terms. Under this scheme each governor would appoint, at most, four of the ten members, so that the board would never be under the complete political domination of the governor.

New York State many years ago adopted a similar system. In the last twenty-four years, New York has had only three State Directors of Education,—all of them outstanding men. Dr. Graves, the present Director, is known as one of the great educators of the country. He is a Republican and a Protestant; yet there has been the utmost harmony in the school system under a governor who is both Democratic and a Catholic.

Mr. Cooper was asked if a ten-year term of office by the Board might not be dangerous, since appointive officers are not subject to recall. The state legislature, was his answer, can provide for impeachment of any member of the board. Mr. Cooper believes that four things will be necessary before the power of government is in the hands of the people,—namely: the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. He also pointed out that it is not by electing many officers that we secure a democratic government. The electing of many officers scatters responsibility and weakens efficiency.

By the proposed law also, the governor is to appoint a lay commission to make a survey of the educational needs of California including matters of the curriculum, district problems, etc; and make a report to the legislature in 1931.

"Why a LAY commission?" asked someone.

"Because," came Mr. Cooper's frank answer, "we may be the very ones who are making the mistakes."

It was the sense of the meeting that the proposed constitutional amendment, number Six, ought to be accepted in the next election.

* * * *

Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, who was president of the Carmel P. T. A. last year, is now president of the Parent Teachers' Association of the Monterey High School. There may be hope for the High School yet!

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

October

- 10 P. T. A. Meeting,—Sunset School at 2:30, Mr. Bardarson.
- 10-15 Comedy — "Expressing Willie" Carmel Playhouse at 8:30.
- 12 Lecture—by D. Rudhyar, "Marriage and Companionship," Dickinson residence on the Point.
- 14 Divine Services—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
- CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB SECTION
- 10 Book Section.—Residence of Mrs. I. N. Ford, 10:00 a. m.
- 17 Art Section.—Residence of Mrs. J. K. Lynch.
- 18 Garden Section. —Residence of Mrs. H. W. Fenner, 10:00 a. m.

CARMEL WOMEN'S HOOVER CLUB MEETS

Outnumbering the men ten to one the women of the Carmel Women's Hoover Club met the men of the Carmel Men's Hoover Club at a business luncheon last Monday in the Pine Inn. This is the first of a series of luncheons to be held every Monday by the two groups, now united as one advocating Hoover for President.

Miss Helen Rosencrans, late president of the Women's section, proposed that the combined organizations send out fifteen-hundred air mail letters, each member mailing five, to doubtful voters, as to the advisability of Hoover for president. Several sample letters signed by David Starr Jordan, Dr. Liel, and William L. Overstreet of Carmel, were submitted for approval.

Henry G. Jorgensen, well-known Monterey attorney, eulogized Hoover. Mr. Jorgensen said, in part, "I am for this candidate because I think it is more necessary that my children have something to eat than something to drink in which there is more than one percent." He added, "Before prohibition every lamppost in Monterey was supported on Saturday night by some manly man who would undoubtedly be better home with his family."

OUR FIRST CITIZENS

Two old residents of Carmel, descendants of the Mission Indians, and born here, will vote this November for the first time. Julia Gomez, aged sixty-nine, and her brother William Diaz, her junior by four years, who has been bed-ridden for fifteen years, registered as voters last Thursday, and indicated each signature by a cross.

Carmel News

DEATH COMES TO MRS. J. A. FREEMAN

The death of Mrs. J. A. Freeman of Carmel and Pasadena, occurred early Monday morning in Carmel after an illness of three weeks. For ten years the Freemans have spent a part of the summer, or the early autumn, here, and their presence has become a part of its best tradition.

Mrs. Freeman leaves two daughters, Mrs. Thomas Bell, and Miss Helen Freeman. Services will be held in Pasadena, to which all returned Monday night.

ANNOUNCING A COMING MARRIAGE

Jadwiga Noskowiak has long been dear in Carmel to playgoers and lovers of fine acting. In "Hedda Gabler" at the Theatre of the Golden Bough; as Ophelia and as Juliet at the Forest Theater; in "The Copperhead" at the Carmel Playhouse; as in "The Wild Duck" played in Pasadena, her work has mounted to artistry, and has been surrounded by a nimbus of something more than charm, a quality of personality as delicately rich as a painting by Botticelli.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Noskowiak of Galt, California, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Jadwiga, to Lieutenant C. Stanton Babcock, of the Eleventh Cavalry, Monterey. Lieutenant Babcock is the son of Colonel and Mrs. C. S. Babcock, at present stationed at Marfa, Texas, and the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells, of San Francisco and Carmel.

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an examination for Post Office Clerk for service in Carmel. For information regarding requirements and the character of the examination, and for application blanks, inquire at the Post Office.

ECCLESIASTICAL ACTIVITIES

Dr. C. A. Gawthrop, Assistant Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, will speak on Sunday morning at the Community Church, discussing the moral aspects of the political situation.

Mr. V. M. Bain, the new choir director, invites singers to turn up on Thursday evenings for choir practice.

Mrs. John Ball, hostess at Lincoln Inn, is the leader of a new class for Young Married People, in the Sunday School whose new year officially began on October first, with considerable reorganization. Mrs. Ball is preparing the menu for a Church Dinner which is announced for Friday the twenty-sixth.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

The Carmelite bids an affectionate farewell to Mr. Hartnell Lockridge, the bright youth who for some time has been an active part of its business staff, writing also dramatic criticisms and book reviews.

What we shall miss most about him is his refreshing profanity. About the office we had always the feeling that his slang was beyond the merely contemporary. It was positively ahead of his times. His extensive foreign travel gave him the advantage of being able to clothe the fiercer of his oaths in foreign tongues, —so that when he began speaking rapidly in Czecho-Slovak or in Roumanian, we knew he was discussing our advertisers. This seemed to cheer him considerably after a difficult bout of any kind.

Mr. Lockridge is an accomplished athlete. Although his special gift is for tennis, he complained bitterly that his arduous activities in the Carmelite office had so reduced his form that he could now run from Pebble Beach to Carmel in only twenty minutes, whereas his former time was twelve.

Last week he made his departure for New Mexico. He will remain there for several months and, we trust, send us frequent bright bits as Special Correspondent to the Carmelite for that region.

THE CHILD IS GRANDFATHER TO THE MAN

There is nothing so grand about being a grandfather; not the way it was when we were grandchildren. There's Jimmie Hopper, for example. He's that curly-headed boy you see playing on the beach in the afternoons. He's a grandfather. He doesn't look like our grandfather, and yet, here last week—to be exact on October second, Mr. Hopper's daughter Elizabeth presented, not to her husband as it used to be, but to Mrs. James Hopper and to Mrs. Hunkins, the two grandmothers, a grandson who will undoubtedly provide the novelist with stuff for more stories in his field, childhood. Perhaps next summer, if Mrs. James Hopper has her way, this son of Elizabeth will be rolling around on the Carmel beach as Elizabeth and her brother and sisters and her father used to in the good old days of nearly nakedness, lawlessness and, therefore, innocence.

EDWARD KUSTER LEAVES

Mr. Edward Kuster is leaving tonight for Paris, after having cleaned the Theatre of the Golden Bough. Mrs. Newby, his fiancée, goes East, and later in the year the couple will meet in England. Mr. Kuster has promised to send the Carmelite any interesting news he runs across in the theatre worlds of Europe.

There will be a lecture-recital by D. Rudhyar on "Marriage and Companionship" at the home of Henry Dickinson at the Point on Friday, Oct. 12th at 8 p.m.

Personal Bits . .

Alden Almstead and Lovelace Miles have returned from the big trees of the Palo Colorado Canyon to their cottage in Carmel. Bumps looks the same,—but as for Bill Miles, his transition is also a sartorial one, and of the greatest splendor. Any one who can catch up to that cream-colored speedster enough to make a study of What the Well-dressed Man Is Wearing, will have a treat. But we can scarcely imagine anyone's really catching up that car, unless it be the lordly speed cop.

Bumps shot deer up there among the big trees. In addition to his prowess as a huntsman, and his habit of taking taking leading parts in Carmel plays, he is a civil engineer who has plotted dams and bridges, and has a great deal of technical knowledge stowed away somewhere.

Hazel Watrous and Dene Denny returned lately from a long drive which took them to the Tuolumne Meadows, beyond the Yosemite Valley. There, from ten thousand-foot heights, they looked down upon earth, and having rested well, found it fair.

Mrs. Esther Teare, chairman of the Carmel branch of the W. I. L., lectured before the Palo Alto branch of the organization last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Mulgardt, mother of the young aviator, is in town for two weeks, the guest of Mrs. Charles Spelman Stanton.

Mr. Edgar McCleod, of the Christian Science Committee on Publication for Northern California, and Mrs. McCleod, spent several days in Carmel last week. Their visit stimulated active discussion of problems of the function of the church in the modern world.

Harry Hammer, who owns a large pencil concession in Russia, arrived in Carmel from Moscow last Saturday. His factory was one of the first concessions. He owns it for ten years, at the end of which time it reverts to the Soviet Republic. In the meantime the owner gets back his original investment at the rate of ten per cent a year.

Mr. Hammer said many of the workmen made inventions or improved processes in the factory. His workmen can make extra profit. But thousands of workmen would nevertheless not work in a concessionaire factory. Mr. Hammer will shortly return to Russia.

The great sufferings arise not from the things that happened but from the things that are.
—D. Rudhyar.

GYPSY JOURNEY

By June Burn.

(They made a fantastic spectacle coming down Ocean Avenue in their bright little house-on-wheels,—a car "done into" a cottage, brick chimney and all. It was circus day in Carmel,—and they completely fitted it, the Traveling Mountebank in his troubadour togs; his pretty little wife June; and the two small boys,—Far North and South Robin. The Mountebank had officially retired from business, and the family was off for adventure. Starting from San Francisco they were gypsying down the coast. The Mountebank would sing songs on the way,—another Vachel Lindsay with Rimes to Be Traded for Bread; the children would see the world; and June would write an account of their adventures. "I'm keeping journal of our gypsy journeys," she said, tipping up her piquant face quizzically. Here is the first jour.)

If anybody ever asks me what is the prettiest town in America I'll say "Carmel, California." Carmel in the woods, white sandy roads curling off and away into the hills, long white beach peaceful under the pound of the surf, beautiful homes of people not afraid of being themselves.

I've heard folk say it would be dangerous to give artists entirely free rein in building houses. Artists would make outlandish structures, impractical. The houses of Carmel prove that untrue. That is, if one supposes artists to have been given free rein in Carmel. The main streets of this village are lined with the most pleasing and artistic buildings. Eager little houses. Attic houses. Steep-roofed, curving-eaved ragged houses. Houses which have just grown like Topsy, fitting their environment snugly. Houses hugging the sides of sand dunes, straggling up like Monterey Cypress. Spanish houses white against the dark green of pine groves, red roofs shining in the sun. Winsome, hideaway places like the Seven Arts Court. Little gray houses with crooked doors where Sally sells pies and things. A wee little old shack of a place with petunias banked against its one window where a woman doles out real estate to her customers, if any.

Houses entirely hidden save for a quaint chimney against the foggy sky. Houses of the rich; magnificent, but somehow essentially modest, too, as only an artist could have built.

The bank and post office are just houses. Even ugly. Perhaps they are what one calls practical houses. Perhaps money and mail must be handled in square places, set here and here, exactly. Perhaps it would be too much to expect every single house on the main street to be beautiful. No city could survive such beauty, maybe. Perhaps tourists would laugh and embarrass mechanics if

the garages were beautiful, graceful, whimsical. Perhaps oil stations have got to conform to the California pattern. I'm no authority. All I know is that for all the two great barnlike garages, the square ugly little bank, the one or two boxes where goods are sold and mail distributed, Carmel is surpassingly lovely as a village and can be called the most beautiful town in America.

But we didn't sell any songs in Carmel.

We stood on the streets talking to the natives. There: How do Carmelites like to be called "natives"? Sophisticated persons are ready enough to call less erudite folks "natives" meaning somebody endemic to their surroundings (N. B. I just learned that word endemic in last week's Carmelite.) I wonder if the sophisticates themselves mind being called "natives"? And the natives were curious and kind. They swarmed around our car asking all manner of questions. They said they'd like to go out adventuring too. And when we asked them why, then, they didn't go, one girl said "That's just it! Damn it; why?" And couldn't answer her own question. "Inertia has us" she said, wistfully.

We went to a lot of trouble to be permitted to join the Carmel parade opening the annual circus. We interviewed a good many people for that permission, Farrar thinking we'd sell lots of songs after it was over. And we got in. Drove slowly down the steep hill into the town, our heavy rumbling swaying cottage first jamming into Eloise in front, then stopping altogether and having to be coaxed ahead. We enjoyed the parade and knew that afterwards we'd sell five or ten dollars worth of songs to the throngs lining the streets down which we crawled.

Then came the circus. We waited outside for the crowds to sweep down upon us demanding the songs they knew we had. "I'll just get out five of each number so as to have them ready" Farrar said, and did.

We waited an hour. "It takes them a long time inside" Farrar said, rearranging his songs, adding a couple of dozen post card pictures of our outfit to the songs. We waited two hours. "It is getting late" Farrar said. "I doubt if we sell enough songs to that crowd to justify waiting here like this."

We waited three hours. "They will be all tired out" Farrar said. "They will come out, rush for their cars and be gone before I can sell a single song" he said.

We waited some more. Then we went inside for North and Robin who were watching the circus. Farrar hunted up Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Cyril. "I doubt if I sell a single song when the circus is over" he told them and they agreed.

We came back to camp.

And thus ended our first day of selling songs.

But these days of hard work and hardships are going to be sweet, too. Wait till we get going! Wait till we are so poor that one cracker and a cup of thin coffee for us and the rest of the crackers and a quart of milk for the boys will seem like something to rejoice about! Wait till we are wholly dependent on each other for happiness—on love and on dreams. Wait till we have no "interference" from comfort and from things. We'll get em back, those days of yearning sweetness. Satisfaction of living richly. Precarious, precious life of hardship—some folks are so constructed that they have got to get clean down to first things before they can feel themselves or realize how deliriously happy they are.

All aboard for gypsy journeys southward!

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The Theatre . . .

NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT!

The ancient tradition of Carmel is about to be assailed, boding no good, but much fun. Modernism, expressionism, suppressionism . . . all the "isms" are being pinioned by the cruel pen of Rachel Crothers before the very eyes of their champions. Write an editorial, pass a law, hold a meeting to stop the production of this outrage at the Carmel Playhouse tonight, tomorrow night and the next and the next night. Otherwise, Carmel will have to laugh at itself!

Willie Smith, having attained girth and wealth in the tooth paste business, (poor benighted soul) learns that he isn't worth a fig to the Real People because he hasn't expressed himself, the Real Self (like Hearst editorials the BIG THINGS OF LIFE must be capitalized in print), his Inner Spiritual Power, his Aura has never been revealed, Expressed.

So he does.

And that's the play . . . Expressing Willie. He sits on strange delirious furniture, (I mean modern, meaningful furniture) and worries through three acts of riotous, comical satire.

Elliot Durham, a familiar figure in character parts on Carmel stages, plays Willie for every laugh. Louise Walcott is not only directing the play, but playing, too, the part of Willie's disapproving and belittling mother. The sane and simple childhood sweetheart is played by Frances Montgomery, but she expresses herself too, thereby saving the show from anything as banal as a happy ending. Chuc Chadsey is Taliaferro, the artist-instigator of the expressing of Minnie, the sane and simple childhood sweetheart; while Hally Pomeroy is the almost-but-not-quite-enough-to-be-nice spiritually-minded divorcee who almost, but not quite, gets Willie. Peggy Palmer says catty things to the spiritually-minded vampire, and will give Carmel a treat by appearing in riding breeches. Dick Masten is her husband, does a faun dance in one burst of expression, and spends the rest of the time wanting to go home from the house party which is the metier of the play.

—H. P. C.

Now I have nothing. Even the joy of loss—

Even the dreams I had I now am losing. Only this thing I know; that you are using

My heart as a stone to bear your foot across.

I am glad—I am glad—the stone is of your choosing.

—Stella Benson. (from The Poor Man).

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The Arts . . .

RUDHYAR ON THE WILL TO DESTINY

When the mind begins to labor under the weight of a confusion of ideas, the best thing to do is to clear them all out and make a new start; to get down to the simplest thing one is sure of and build up from that. This was the suggestion with which Dane Rudhyar began his remarkable lecture at the Greene Studio last week.

If we clear away all our conceptions, we get back finally to Space . . . or to the great undifferentiated sea of energy filling that space. Then, before anything can manifest at all, something must happen in that sea of energy. What is that something? The best thing to call it is an Event.

From these two basic ideas, Space and the Event, we can build slowly and surely, following lines of cause and effect till we gain a clearer understanding of life as it appears around us.

After an event has happened in space-time, all relationships within that space-time have changed. Nothing can happen anywhere without changing to some extent everything else everywhere. There is no such thing as an isolated event.

Having stated these simple and self-evident facts, the speaker went on to say that the happening of any event presupposes also the happening of an event of the opposite nature, when observed from the point of view of the whole. In this way he led the mind by easy stages from the simplest of conceivable ideas, entirely beyond good and evil. From these premises it will be seen that, if it is the destiny of one individual to be what men call good, it must also somewhere be the destiny of some other individual to be what men call evil. Every event must be neutralized by an event of opposite nature. The only way in which these two poles can be unified, is for each individual to be so intensely what he is, that he fulfils completely his part in the whole. This is the Will to Destiny . . . the acceptance of one's role and the playing of it to perfection. Only so can we arrive at that unity of life where all dissonances are resolved into a super-harmony which is Peace, The Tao, the Law of Laws.

As to the confusion which has arisen concerning the definition of Soul . . . and the questions as to whether or not man has a soul, Rudhyar spoke very definitely. Soul is that which reaches up from the small cycle of good and evil, light and darkness etc., and grasps the significance of life and the interrelation of events in terms of the whole. It is only as the giver

of meanings that MAN has value. It is only as Consciousness flowers in him and begins to lift him out of his feverish concernment with what happens, into a calm perusal of why it happens, that he becomes truly that Soul which he is. The Will to Destiny leads to the attainment of that Peace where all events are merged into their ultimate meaning. It is the Peace which lies, not beyond action, but in the very heart of Life itself.

After the lecture, Rudhyar played some of his own compositions for piano, giving his audience an experience in tone, which made as deep an impression as the quiet assurance of his talk. —D. H.

ART NOTES

Ray Boynton, well-known San Francisco painter, is in Carmel for the winter with his wife. They are occupying a cottage on Camino Real between 11th and 12th. Mr. Boynton goes up to the city once a week to give his classes at the Art School there—one a Life class, one on fresco painting.

This artist (born in the Middle West) is one of the most interesting modern California painters. He has done murals, frescoes, as well as pictures in water colors and oils and has contributed enlightening articles to the Argus on art questions. One of his murals is in the court of the beautiful house Charles Erskine Scott Wood has built in Los Gatos.

Mr. Boynton, discussing Orage, said that he has always been able, if he was aware of a certain quality he wanted in his work, to get it there simply by the process of being aware of it. He says that his teaching is much more successful when he can get his pupils to realize this awareness too.

Mr. Boynton is very much looking forward to his Carmel winter and has already begun to struggle with the Carmel hills. Which, incidentally, he sees as Jeffers sees them. He thinks few painters have lived into California enough to "get" it—to really paint it truly—as for instance Jeffers paints it—in words.

BATIKS IN CARMEL

Two Batiks entitled "Monterey" and "The Crucifixion" were recently on exhibition in the gallery of Tilly Polak's shop in Carmel, and several others are on exhibition in the Seven Arts.

These Batiks are by Beatrice Gildersleeve of Felton, Santa Cruz County, California. They are original in design and are made entirely by the use of dyes. The process consists in dyeing a portion of the design with one color, then covering that portion with wax and applying a second color, when the first must have the wax washed off with gasoline. This is continued until the design is finished. The art of batik-making is, next to weaving, the most ancient hand-work known; it originated in Java.

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Thursday, October 11th
Benefit Performance

"BELINDA"

A play in three acts 8:15

Friday, October 12th

"CRAIG'S WIFE"

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Saturday, October 13th

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Sunday, October 14th

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CALIFORNIA

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at the Seven Arts Press in Carmel

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Editorials . . .

HOW AND WHY TO VOTE

As this presidential campaign proceeds it promises more and more to be the popular election we predicted. The people can and will decide it. Wall Street, and all that that unabused term includes, is divided against itself, not because it is going to fall, but because, either way the house of business will stand. Some of the greater corporations and interests have publicly assigned their officers, one to Hoover, one to Smith, so that the claims of the companies will be good whoever is in the White House. We were right, therefore, when we advised our readers to watch the people this year to see what would be done.

It is against our practice to follow our own advice. We regard it as too heroic to practice what we preach. In this case, however, we have made an exception, just for the fun of it; we have watched the reasoning of the voters, reading the newspapers and listening to our neighbors. It has been worth it. The American people have milled around helplessly looking for passionate excuses for voting the way they wished to vote and the "reasons" we have seen and heard are not very high-brow. On the contrary they are irrelevant. Let us help a bit.

There are reasons for voting for Hoover and there are reasons for voting for Smith. There are reasons for voting against Hoover and there are reasons for voting against Smith. Good ones. But Tammany is not a good reason for voting against Smith and for Hoover. Tammany is a graft machine, an organization for the betrayal of the commonwealth

and the faith of the people of New York to the special interests of the corrupters of the city and of business; it is an agency for the exchange of democracy for plutocracy. We had a hand in the exposure of Tammany during some years and we agree that it takes skill to exaggerate the deliberate, organized, conscious evil of that political machine. But the Republican machines of New York state, of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, of Boston and Massachusetts, etc. and the natural political organization of the Republican Party are as much worse than Democratic Tammany as hypocritical corruption is worse than honest crookedness. Of course. The Republican machine has been longer in power over a broader field. All machines are as bad as they dare to be; crooked courage grows with time and opportunity, and the Republicans have had more time and opportunity. Hence Tammany Hall is not a political argument either way. The woman candidate for congress in this district disposed of it when she was asked what she was doing with Tammany. "I am hiding Tammany behind Tea Pot Dome," she said.

And neither is religion a reason either way; or prohibition. Both candidates and both parties are as tolerant of both these evils as indifference can make them and they won't dare either of them to say or do anything decisive either way. The issue of this campaign is as old as the Republic and never was clearer than right now.

The reason for voting for or against Hoover is that he believes that business is compatible with democracy and will encourage it to achieve profits and power. There will be no need of bribery and corruption under his administration; he will be disposed to give industry all the opportunities, fields, resources and empire it wants—for nothing. The United States will be free under him to develop along the lines the bribers and corruptionists have always striven to carry it and as it seems itself inclined to go, to the extreme of Capitalism. And be it understood that we sometimes suspect that bribery is an instrument of God or Nature to force its way through the obstacles set up by the false thinking of Man. It may be good to have this country make a conscious experiment with a government of the people, by and for businessmen. If a voter thinks it will be good, a vote for Hoover would be intelligent; if not, a vote against him would be reasonable. Mr. Hoover is a lineal descendant of Alexander Hamilton, politically.

Smith is a lineal descendant of Jefferson. He also believes in business. Everybody does; the Bolsheviks worship business. But Jefferson and Smith have held that business should not be especially protected or privileged; they should be left free and open to competition and the law of the survival of the fittest. Smith, therefore, as Governor of New York, has fought the

corruption of business and resisted its efforts for the mastery of labor and the advantages of special grants. He could not achieve, but he has stood for the public ownership of all those monopolies which cannot do business without corrupting government. It is a losing fight he is making against the control of government by privileged business, but if the voters do not want yet to give up that fight; if they prefer to have it go on a little longer, they should vote for Smith. He will make it all the better for having been a Tammany man.

Unsatisfying, this? Offering reasons for feelings and prejudices is always unintelligent; conscious rationalizing is an amusement. And there is an alternative. One might vote the Socialist ticket. Socialism proposes scientifically to change the economic system which produces all these evils and issues and to set up an arrangement calculated to make business serve instead of ruling and grafting upon the people. It is drastic, honest, scientific. The trouble is that the American Socialists, like the English, and the American candidate, Norman Thomas, like the British Ramsay MacDonald, are not really Socialists; they are only good liberals. They no more believe in literal Marxian socialism than our Democrats believe in democracy, our Republicans in republicanism, or our churchmen in the Christianity of Jesus. We are not a whole-souled people, we Anglo-Saxons, we are "safe." So Norman Thomas and his party are safe enough. But that may be an additional, acceptable reason for voting for them. They are against both Smith and Hoover, a vote for Thomas might make the Socialist Party in America what the Labor Party is in England, the rallying ground for liberals and eventually the only second party.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Hugo Seelig is a poet and mystic who has for six years lived in solitude in a tent among the dunes.

Ellen Janson Browne is the wife of Maurice Browne, a poet, and author of a novel soon to be published.

David T. Prince is assistant manager of the La Playa Hotel, and has lived in Carmel since childhood.

G. H. C. is an American journalist in Paris.

Ansel Adams is a San Francisco musician of note, and a mountaineer, as well as a photographer. He has done many photographs of mountain scenes some of which have almost the quality of etchings. His photograph of Robinson Jeffers has been chosen to appear as the frontispiece of the de luxe edition of Jeffers' poems ("Night and other Poems") which the Book Club of California is bringing out this fall under the imprint of Edwin Grabhorn.

From Europe

SIGHTLETS

Setting: Any street in a small German town.

Recorder: Any stranger that has time enough to look.

First Scene. (The other scenes could have a similar introduction. The reader if he wishes may add mentally Second, Third and so on.)

Town Hall lit up by one tiny search-light. Crowds wondering why and gaping; then going home and talking it all over.

Herr and Frau pass. She stares but does not know me. I do them. Whispers. They both wheel and stare. He smiles all over and bows. They sit opposite me going to Munich.

Man on bicycle falls on wet street at the feet of a cop. Thinks he is badly hurt so lies still in gutter. Cop stops and looks down superciliously. An American translation of what he said would be: "*** — **?? ! ! * —" where did you learn to ride a bicycle! The injured retires, feeling better.

Two swaggering young fellows come down the street wearing Spanish Troubadour costumes. They own the world. Who are they? Master Carpenters, proud of their trade.

Traffic is jammed. Cop full of duty stands at attention, with right hand on left breast, left hand held out. Put, Put. A bath tub? No an auto. It has four wheels, rolls by, overflowing with a two hundred pound German.

A friend crossing the way sees another friend. They rush together. Another and another joins the happy group. Bows, hand shakes with clicking heels, more bows, then all speak at once. Bikes, wagons, autos all slow down and cautiously go around. The conversation is not troubled by a bedlam of horns. For after all if a pedestrian is run down the driver goes to jail, and they have so much to say to each other.

A taxi goes by. The driver raises his hat to me. I bow in return. Last week he took me to the station.

They are so serious about every little formal detail of life. As a young German just returned from America said when asked point blank how he compared the courtesy in America with that of his Fatherland, "Well, they are much more natural over there. You don't have to guess whether a man likes you or not!" And that is just about the way we feel after having lived in one place some time.

—An American Student.

CONCERNING KEYSERLING

Some extracts from Carrol Chilton in Geneva to a friend in Carmel:

"I have come to attend the Fete des Traditions for this district called La Vallais. There will be folk-songs and dances, and I shall again have contact with that "natural" which is the supreme of taste.

I am enchanted with Geneva. In Paris and London one is lost,—but here is a seething intellectual center on a very high plane. Everybody you meet has a cause and hands you a pamphlet. I go to Darmstadt on October second for the yearly meeting of the School of Wisdom, with lectures by probably twenty thinkers, all counterpointing one general theme.

Keyserling has psychoanalyzed the World, and fifty years hence will be seen in historic proportions as one of the four or five world leaders of all humanity. Please remember that his Travel Diary is not Keyserling's own philosophy,—nor the Book of Marriage,—nor even Europe. The only English book of his personal thought is "The World in the Making." Two others, which have never been translated, are really nearer to any full comprehension of his meaning,—i.e. "Creative Knowledge," and "Widergeburt."

HOW WE LOOK FROM PARIS

The resemblance of Carmel to Paris is striking. It is no more so than the likeness of New York and Carmel or of any other world centre and ours, but the following letter is from Paris and compares Paris and Carmel. Not consciously. The writer is an American correspondent who has lived long abroad, so long that he often feels home-sick and looks around for some pleasant American town to come home to; he wants something different from Paris. Not consciously. He takes the Carmelite and you can see that he reads it, as a man would who is thinking of a heaven on earth, of a quiet place to retire to; he has read and refers to the advertisements as well as to articles and fillers. And it repels him. It is so like Paris. He seeks something different and here are the same old groups sitting around the carrefour Montparnasse playing artists. Here is land for sale; he cites the ad. of the Land Company; and he really wants a play-town (we know him and we know where he goes in vacations: to pretty French villages) but the picture of a town at play, without him, makes him sick, home-sick. And he relieves himself, as you may read. He threatens, if the Carmelite isn't stopped, to send us his paper and make us as sick of his home-town.

Our prediction is that this man will be coming here pretty soon to patronize our advertisers, like many another out-of-town reader of this paper; they all read the advertisements and speak of them. If

advertisers would cooperate they could make their pages the most effective in the paper, in any paper—But read this poor, homesick exile's letter, and read between the lines:

I did not know what could be the matter with Carmel at first. I am not sure that I know now. But I am pretty sure, after reading a few numbers of the Carmelite, that I should never want to live there. I don't think I should even want to go there as often as Mr. Fremont Older does, even for periods as short.

I admit that I probably devine a false Carmel from the Carmelite. It seems like a play town, as if a lot of grown up children had found a pretty garden and had settled down to "playing town," as slightly younger children play house. Playing theater, playing newspaper, playing road-making, you know, the way another lot of people come over here and sit around the carrefour Montparnasse and play artist. Your city Planning Commission would do well to add an "a" between the "r" and the "m." "Carmel-by-the-Sea" would be a sausage-skin fit, unless this nickle's worth of sweets that comes off the press every Wednesday printed in syrup does you foul libel. I was a very poor prospect for a sale by the Carmel Land Company, a fairly good prospect as a customer at the Carmel Garage, the Carmel Fuel Company and the Carmel Cleaning Works (never however of the Golden Bough). But I couldn't be sold a telescopic photograph of Carmel from 20,000 light years away, now.

You hid the place in your letters. Reduce the circulation of the Carmelite by one or I will put you on the free list of my home paper and make you as sick of my home city as I am of Carmel. I will. Hide Carmel again.

Still the place cannot be as bad as your paper makes it seem. It cannot. If it were nobody would buy any medicine at the Dolores Drug Store to keep from dying. Nobody would insure himself or anything he owned in Carmel with Mr. Normand. Nobody would have any appetite for Whitney's breakfastlunchdinner. The only place that would do any business would be the railroad or bus line, selling one way tickets to somewhere else, that is unless all the other places in California, and the other United States are much worse than Carmel. Then all the sales would be of tickets to Paris. If anybody started a paper like that in Paris ... But nobody could.

I think you would do well to leave Carmel. If you stay, you may get as Carmel as the Post Office, which I gather must be awfully Carmel.

—G. H. C.

It is easy to mistake bad judgment for bad luck; indeed they do belong to the same family.

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Peter's Paragraphs

Mr. Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court had a birthday last week which made him the oldest man that ever sat on that bench. He is also the wisest. He has handed down against a majority of his associates more dissenting opinions than any other Justice, and all his opposing opinions have been in the direction of liberalism. Justice Brandeis has voted with Holmes often; his tendency is in the same direction: toward democracy. They are patient men in their wisdom, idealists who remain optimists, and Holmes enjoys life. On his last birthday he said as much. "If death should knock on my door and say: 'Get ready Oliver; I shall be back for you in an hour,' I would answer 'Very well, Death, I wish you would make it two hours, but—I'll be ready.'"

The difference between a truth and the truth came out accidentally but truly recently in a brief dialogue with a critic of the Carmelite who was reproaching us with its success. "You flatter Carmel," he charged. Thinking it over we admitted the fault. "True," we answered, "but that is not the whole truth. The whole truth is that we like Carmel. The flattery is a by-product and quite unintended."

And by the way, witnesses in court can beat thus the smart attorneys who try to force one to answer their questions with a categorical yes or no. Such cross-examiners want only a part of the truth, the part that makes their case. A witness can meet and defeat their trickery by appealing to the judge with the reminder that he is sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but—and then quietly remarking that a yes or a no is not the whole truth. The judge can not compel you to commit perjury; he will let you modify your answer.

We know this because we tried it once on the witness stand. To a prominent attorney who demanded and a judge who required that we confine ourselves to yes and no, we answered "Yes and no" and said that neither the one nor the other alone and not both together were the whole truth which the court had put us under oath to tell. The judge adjourned court for a moment and when he returned let us make a full answer with facts which irritated the prominent attorney and shortened the cross-examination. Lawyers and courts don't want the truth; they want only what they call evidence, which is something else again. That is why there is no justice in the criminal courts.

It is as silly to go to a court of law for justice as it is to go to a newspaper for

THE CARMELITE, October 10, 1928

the news or to a church for Christianity.

An editor in San Francisco was expressing amused admiration for this paper, but when we accepted his compliments and added the boast that we could print anything that was true, new and interesting, he demurred. "I'll tell you a very true, a new and significant fact that I'll bet you won't publish," he said "I know a man who is having his infant son circumcised by Christian Science." We asked whether the treatment was successful, and he said: "The father thinks it is." "Then it is," we answered.

The Christian Scientist quoted said that no understanding Christian Scientist would have undertaken the operation the San Francisco editor reported as a fact, and we believe that.

That faith operates is beyond all doubt. It is only the limits of its efficacy that science has not determined. The miracles of Jesus are not the difficulty with Christianity; it is His Teachings that the Christian world cannot believe and practice. And so with Christian Science. That it cures ills is as certain as that Indian medicine men cured ills, but that Mrs. Eddy had the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth—that is an open question.

And, speaking of Christian Science, the friendly controversy we were giving space to about it, seems to be closed. One of the participants called and said he would not go on with it. Too bad. The Christian Scientists who were criticising their church had something to say, something to fear and set right; something the Church has to look out for. They do not want to see their church go on down the road the older churches all have gone toward organization, solidification, death.

A reviewer of William Allen White's new book "Masks in a Pageant," wonders that the chapters on men like Roosevelt whom White knew intimately, and others on such men as Croker, Hanna, Platt whom he does not say he ever met personally, are all equally vivid and sure. But of course, White is a reporter. He forms his impression of men and scenes out of whatever stuff he has and he makes his mental pictures as he goes along. He must be ever ready to report. Whether he knows little or much, his picture has to be complete and vivid. And it is his picture that the good reporter reports, not always the men and events themselves. No wonder then that Bill White "attempts an incidental portrait of the former Kaiser whom certainly he never met, with an equal assurance and even dramatizes with description and dialogue the Kaiser's downfall and flight to Holland." He visualizes all he knows, all he hears and reads as well as what he sees with his eyes.

HOW WARS ARE MADE

"The causes of wars are exactly the same as the causes of corruption in Cities, States, and the National Government," said Mr. Lincoln Steffens on Sunday night, speaking before the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom at the Carmel Playhouse. Mrs. Esther Teare presided.

No one wanted wars, said Mr. Steffens. Yet they occurred. Why? He related how he had seen wars made. In Mexico the Americans were after oil and when they couldn't get it they engineered the killing of some Americans which gave the United States an excuse to interfere. "Whenever oil or other natural resources are discovered in a country" said Mr. Steffens, "that country immediately becomes unfit for self-government."

Clearly and convincingly the speaker traced the process from the original entry into a country by the seekers of economic privilege, to the final declaration of war. The concessionaires went along peacefully till either the natives realized they were being exploited and rebelled, when of course foreign troops had to be sent in to maintain order (and protect the foreign loans), or until the customs of the country which they were following became too irritating; and then they would resort to methods of bribery.

Exactly like Teapot Dome; exactly like the corruption of law courts, judges, corporation attorneys to declare valid and legal the illegal obtaining of franchises and special privileges. "Corruption" said Mr. Steffens, "is today, under our system, the only alternative to war."

But the individuals who resorted to corrupt methods might be themselves honest, said Mr. Steffens. In the State Department the worst acts were committed by "perfect gentlemen." In fact the chief difference Mr. Steffens saw between an honest man and a crook was that the crook knew he was dishonest.

One has to bunk the people. If they knew the truth they wouldn't stand it. The propaganda of war diverts the attention from the causes to bunk. And that is one of the characteristics of American culture: it is a moral culture, a culture of 'right' and 'wrong,' not a scientific culture that asks for causes. "Who is the bad man, who did this evil thing?" asks the average person. Not "Why did this happen?" And until they will ask this kind of question, wars will not cease.

Mr. Steffens urged that all the women on the peninsula join this society which has planned with the assistance of economists and other experts to make a study of the actual causes of war.

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(* Woods Hole is a sort of heaven for biologists. It is a fully-equipped research laboratory on the Atlantic coast where scientists spend summers among their kind, and yet working away like anything at their problems in research.)

The Gull

The graceful gull is not content
On furnishing an ornament,
As thru the air he floats and sweeps,
He dreams of fishy food and sleeps
When his large appetite is dulled
So don't you let yourself be gulled.

The Nereis

The Nereis, the Nereis
By moonlight grows delirious,
It fills the sea with progeny
Now isn't that mysterious?

The Sea Urchin

To my peaceable existence
The biologist a menace is,
He takes my eggs to study
Artificial parthenogenesis.

The Sea-Cucumber

Beneath the waves the sea-cucumber
Spends all his hours rapt in slumber,
And he does not appear to see
The fine aquatic scenery.
It seems to me he spends his day

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In a most slow, cucumbrous way.

The Squid

The squid, he swims from head to tail,
He blushes when he is pale,
If you attack him he will sink
And screen himself with sepia ink.

The Sand-Dollar

The sand dollar is such a good
financier
He deposits himself in a sand bank,
it's clear,
That this is a simple, methodical way
Of saving himself for a rainy day.
—Science News-Letter.

POTATO-TOMATO GIVES DOUBLE CROP

A "good graft" (not of the political variety) which anyone may try, and which will reward a little patience with a double crop, consists of a tomato vine grafted on a potato stock, which yields tomato fruits above and potato tubers below.

Neither partner in this double plant body seems to have any influence on the other. The tomatoes are like those of sister plants grown on their own roots, and the potatoes differ in no way from those grown in the ordinary way from other eyes cut from the same parent tuber.

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FROM THE SUNSET SCHOOL

THE LITTLE SNAIL

A little silvery fish
Once was eating a lovely dish;
It was a snail
In a coat of mail.

To the snail he said,
"How like you my friend
In the coat of mail
To be dished up in a pail?"

Said the snail
As to the pail,
"Why should I fail
To be eaten?"

If you had more wit
You would not get bit
By my sharp white teeth
Which hide underneath.

But now you are going to be eaten
So why don't you say you're beaten,
For nothing could be sweeter
Than a snail dished up in a pail!
—By Jack Jewett—Fourth Grade.

O LITTLE FISH

"Little fish in the deep blue sea,
Oh won't you come and live with me?
I have a little sea shell that you could
play with all day long
And it will sing its little song.
Oh won't you come and live with me?"
—Alice Meckenstock—5th grade.

THE LITTLE STAR

O little star
I should think you would be tired of hold-
ing to the sky,
You must be very cold.
How happy I should be if you could come
down to me.
David Deusner (age 8) 4th grade.

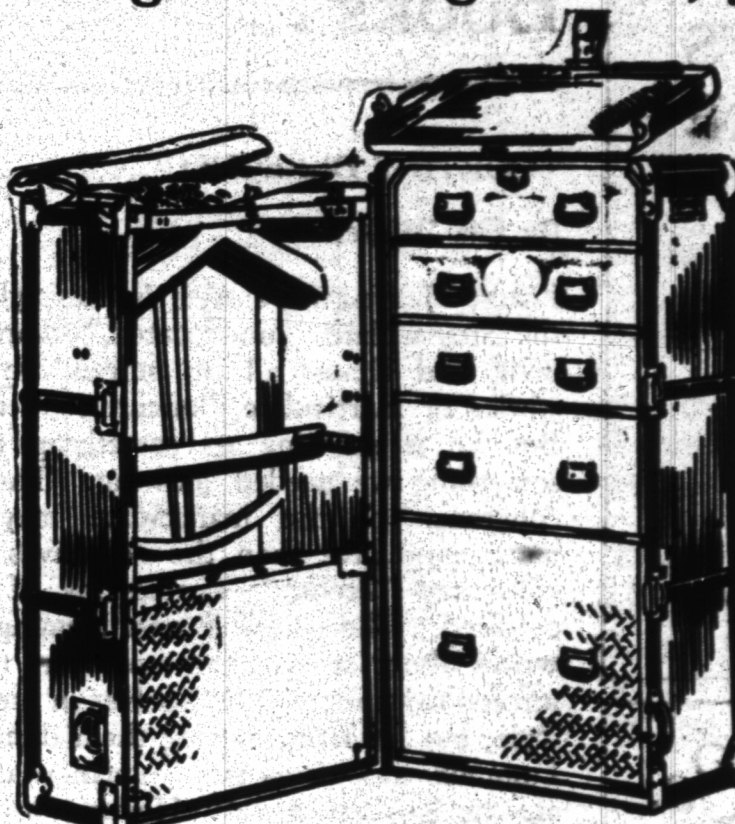
WHAT THE RED CROSS DOES

Would you like to be a poor person that
is chased away by hurricanes and floods
from home and family? I should say not.
Well, that is why we are giving money
for the poor people that were taken away
from their homes and friends.
—By Jean Spence—5th grade.

SOMETHING I SAW AT THE CIRCUS

Saturday I went to the circus.
In the middle two little babies came out,
a little girl and a little boy. They were
dressed in old fashioned clothes. The
little girl had on a bonnet and an old
fashion dress. The little boy was
dressed like a man. The announcer called
them Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb.
—Jean Elaine Funchess—5th grade.

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Books . . .

"CORTE Y DERECHO"

By Ella Winter.

Ernest Hemingway's style is the style of the inarticulate, "uneducated," wordless man, and almost all his stories are the stories of inarticulate, "uncultured" men. But he is showing us something new, something we needed showing. The incoherence of the inarticulate may be more expressive than the adjectives and cultivated "literary" expressions of the cultured. The people Ernest Hemingway writes about are for the most part those unused to expressing themselves in literary style, but far from making them dumb as Lummo was, or as the Russian peasants are in Russian novels, Hemingway has given them a slang, a repetition of the simplest phrases, which, "short and direct," puts over not only what they want to say, their feelings and emotions, but often the whole color of their lives. He did this in his first book of sketches; he did it in his novel "The Sun Also Rises." He did it again in "Men and Women." On two occasions he himself tells us what he is doing. At the beginning of "Fifty Grand," the teller of the story says: "That was Jack. He could say what he wanted to when he wanted to say it." In "The Undeclared," the narrator says of Manuel, the bull-fighter, and he might equally well have said it of Hemingway the writer (substituting "writing" for "bulls"): "He thought in bull-fight terms. Sometimes he had a thought and the particular piece of slang would not come into his mind and he could not realize the thought. His instincts and his knowledge worked automatically, and his brain worked slowly and in words. He knew all about bulls. He did not have to think about them. He just did the right thing. His eyes noted things and his body performed the necessary measures without thought. If he thought about it, he would be gone."

"Now, facing the bull, he was conscious of many things at the same time. He was conscious he must do all this, but his only thought was in words: 'Corte y derecho.'"

"Corte y derecho he lanced himself on the bull."

One wonders why, when it is so simple, so few other writers have attained it. Hemingway tells you what he sees, and you see it. It is as simple as the Truth. Pieces of truth are around us all the time but they are so obvious and so everyday that we pass them by.

Take Hemingway's titles. "Men Without Women." Of course. That's what they are. One can imagine another writer hesitating for a page, trying to des-

THE CARMELITE, October 10, 1928

cribe the male, hairy, straightaway feeling of men alone.

The story of the Italian major, which gives one most of all a feeling of Italy, is called "In Another Country." The story of a ten-day motor trip through Italy, giving three vignettes which sum up accurately Italy as it is today ends with the sentence: "Naturally, in such a short trip, we had no opportunity to see how things were with the country or the people." The title of this sketch is "Che Ti Dice La Patria," and when it first appeared in the "New Republic" it was called "Italy, 1927." Equally biting is the title of "An Alpine Idyll"—a story as horrible as the first sketch of "In Our Time." The gem of the stories in "Men Without Women" is the slangy, modern, slightly drunken conversation between three Roman soldiers and a Hebrew wine-seller on the evening of the Crucifixion. It is called "Today is Friday." They say nothing, these Roman soldiers; and they say it all. The second soldier hits the bull's-eye, in a phrase which alone means nothing—"when the time comes." The first soldier has said, "He didn't want to come down off the cross. That's not his play." The second soldier says, "They all do, when the time comes." The others answer, "he was all right," "he was pretty good." The second soldier, inarticulate, but strung by their (and our) non-comprehension of what he means, bursts out: "You guys don't know what I'm talking about. I'm not saying whether he was good or not. What I mean is, when the time comes."

Hemingway's titles seem to some readers irrelevant. "The Sun Also Rises!" What does that mean? They are irrelevant—to what the story seems to be about. But the story never is about that. He is a de-bunker par excellence, but his method is as different from Sinclair Lewis' and W. E. Woodward's as it is from the muck-rakers' of twenty years ago. He tells his stories from the angle and the point of view of the person who we have almost forgotten has the right to have a point of view at all; as Heine recognized:

Aber wenn Du garnichts hast,
Lump, dann lasse Dich begraben.
Denn ein Recht zu leben, Lump,
Haben Die nur, die was haben.

In the stories there seems to be more description of scenery than in the novel. The stories seem to be leading up to a denouement, and then there is no denouement. But—one thinks again—and one sees the point. That is how Life is. Happiness lies not in the big things, success, fame, reputation, battles; it lies in the colour of a field, beer in glasses with the sun shining through them, the feel of a friend on a skiing trip. And this is where Hemingway wipes out the necessity for such distinctions as between realism and romance. If anyone's stories are to be called realistic, his are:

economical, athletic, hardboiled; and yet the depths of sentiment and romance are touched. Hemingway might not allow this. "Beer and bull-fighting," he told me once, his bulky form slouching along the Boulevard des Italiens, practicing boxing on the air. A woman journalist went to interview the women prisoners—all of them murderers—in a western prison. "I delicately avoided approaching any of their crimes," she said, "till I found out that was what they wanted to talk about—that alone. I discovered that they did not think of them as crimes to be sorry or repentant about (though almost every one had killed a husband or a lover): they regarded them as incidents, unfortunate perhaps, but mainly deserved. I was being the sentimental one; I was being the sob sister. And the trouble is," the journalist concluded, "a sob sister is a sob sister all the time, but a murderess is only a murderess at very occasional intervals!"

More and more accurate and dry do Hemingway's descriptions and conversations become,—and more and more true one feels the picture he paints to be. In "Hills Like White Elephants" a young husband and wife have a quarrel, and though it is about a subject that does not come up to all young husbands and wives as a matter of argument, the quarrel and the attempts to make it up have the tone of any married quarrel. In fact there is one sentence in that story which sums up many married tragedies so simply that one does not get it at first reading. "The girl stood up and walked to the end of the station. Across, on the other side, were fields of grain and trees along the banks of the Ebro. Far away, beyond the river, were mountains. The shadow of a cloud moved across the field of grain and she saw the river through the trees.

" 'And we could have all this,' she said. 'And we could have everything and every day we make it more impossible.' "

" 'We can have the whole world.... It's ours.' "

" 'No, it isn't. And once they take it away, you never get it back.' "

The quarrel ends, as all quarrels, debates, discussions end. The question is undecided, the feeling is there at the end as it was at the beginning. Both are baffled, as Life baffles every feeling person. All Hemingway's stories have the same message. "This is Life. Take it as you pass by. Don't miss it. Don't look for it round the next corner. This is Life. Corte y derecho."

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Singing Youth," an anthology of poems by children. Edited by Mabel Mountsier. Harper Brothers 1927. A joyous and spirited expression of the youth of

England and the United States.

"The Young Folks' Book of the Sea," by T. C. Bridges. Little Brown Company, March 1928. A book full of the tang of the sea.

"The Young Decorators," by Nancy McClelland. Harpers, 1928. Two boys and two girls plan the interiors of their own rooms in a new house, and under the skilful direction of a friendly decorator, acquire the basic principles of color, harmony, arrangement, proportion, and fitness.

"With Scissors and Paste," a book of toy-making for little children. By Leila M. Wilhelm. MacMillan, 1927. For children of kindergarten age and beyond. Suggestions for the making of doll-house furniture, a bus, a circus-wagon, a toy village, all sorts of jolly things.

Experimenters at Cornell University are trying to find out whether doses of sunshine are good medicine to prevent colds.

Archæologists have been working in Cyprus for more than 50 years, but it was a peasant who recently discovered broken fragments of a bronze statue, which when reassembled promises to be the finest single work of art found on the island.

* * * *

According to a state-wide vote, the California quail is California's most popular bird.

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Poems . . .

DUNE SONG

I
The wind whirls in the dunes. . . . they
change, sliding, drifting. . .
Where was hill-top bare to the beat of the
sea-voices, is a windless hollow full
of silence. . . . in a dawn and another
dawn nothing
Remains the same.

II
I have a child conceived in sea-sand, close
to the sounding
Hush of the sea.
He will always be restless. . . he will always
be going on. . . he will never build a
tight house in any happy valley. . .
Swift, he outruns me, and the gulls, and the
skimming sand-pipers.
He knows well a secret I half-dreamed.
—Ellen Janson Browne.

EROS SATIRICUS

Let this love of ours be upon a small
scale.
No vast consuming fires. No ecstasies
too great to bear.
No anguishes at parting.

These our kisses shall be cool, and just a
bit ironical.
We'll sip the honey cup well conscious
that the bud which breaks into bloom,
the bloom into fruit,
within a season dies its death.

Ah
we'll not again be caught by the trick of
our nature
into caring.
You'll give your kiss
swearing you do not care;
I'll sink into the embrace
protesting my indifference.

And in the end,
having drowned the memory
of what love once was,
in the pleasantly bitter,
the slightly acid,
bath of satire,
we shall find our attentions
only very slightly deflected from the more
pertinent jobs
of getting on in the world
and being successes of some sort or other,
and less and less deluded
by what we so sportingly label
"the biological illusion."

—Seven.

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82.

By David T. Prince.

Carmel is a community so democratic that it is anarchic. This dogmatic remark is designed to make readers feel pleasant. Because it is well known that we like to consider ourselves democratic. But as a matter of fact the consideration remains abstract. Personally we like to consider ourselves something or other classified. This is due to an innate taxonomic passion which refuses to let us wander about unnamed, unclaimed, and unclassified in any such vague and vulgar milieu as a democracy. In Carmel all things are different.

Carmel better than any agency yet discovered has welded the ambiguities of individuality and biological similarity into such a harmonious democracy that everyone feels at perfect liberty to move from group to group, class to class, set to set and so on in war or peace without at the same time losing his name or place.

This democracy in war is particularly significant. It wasn't so long ago that men were very snobbish about with whom they fought. An opponent had to be worthy of one's metal. In Carmel an opponent is an opponent regardless of his social distinctions or quantity of press clippings. The post office, a very democratic institution, is the sangre terre.

Therein lies the joy and value of Carmel. It is possible to drift from the heights to the depths and all around the horizon of one's associations within even a day. In the morning you chat with your groceryman about last night's play. That evening you tell last night's leading lady of the remarkable sale of washing powder at your grocers. You certainly have at some time leaned out of the shoe-shinning booth to accept an invitation to a very arty reception. But you didn't miss a word of what Walker was saying about some local brightlight. You have surely talked art with a pseudo aesthetic and baseball with a rising young playwright. You must know the joy of taking a flapper to a highly intellectual lecture or taking a highly intellectual lecturer to meet a flapper in the Grill at Del Monte. One day you play with a railroad magnate, a golf champion and a struggling reporter. The next day you go picnicking with a hotel clerk, a successful novelist and a prematurely retired real estate salesman. Everybody plays together. This is possible only in Carmel where no one finds out who you are until after they've learned to like you.

But the real sport, the subtle and refined game to play in Carmel, is the pastime of drifting from stratum to stratum, or group to group, or person to person enjoying each for its own particular color, admiring in each its special work, and speaking with each its own language. It is a game no where else so easily or pleasantly played.



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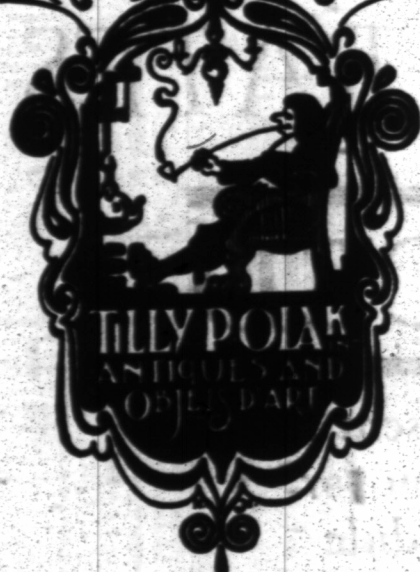
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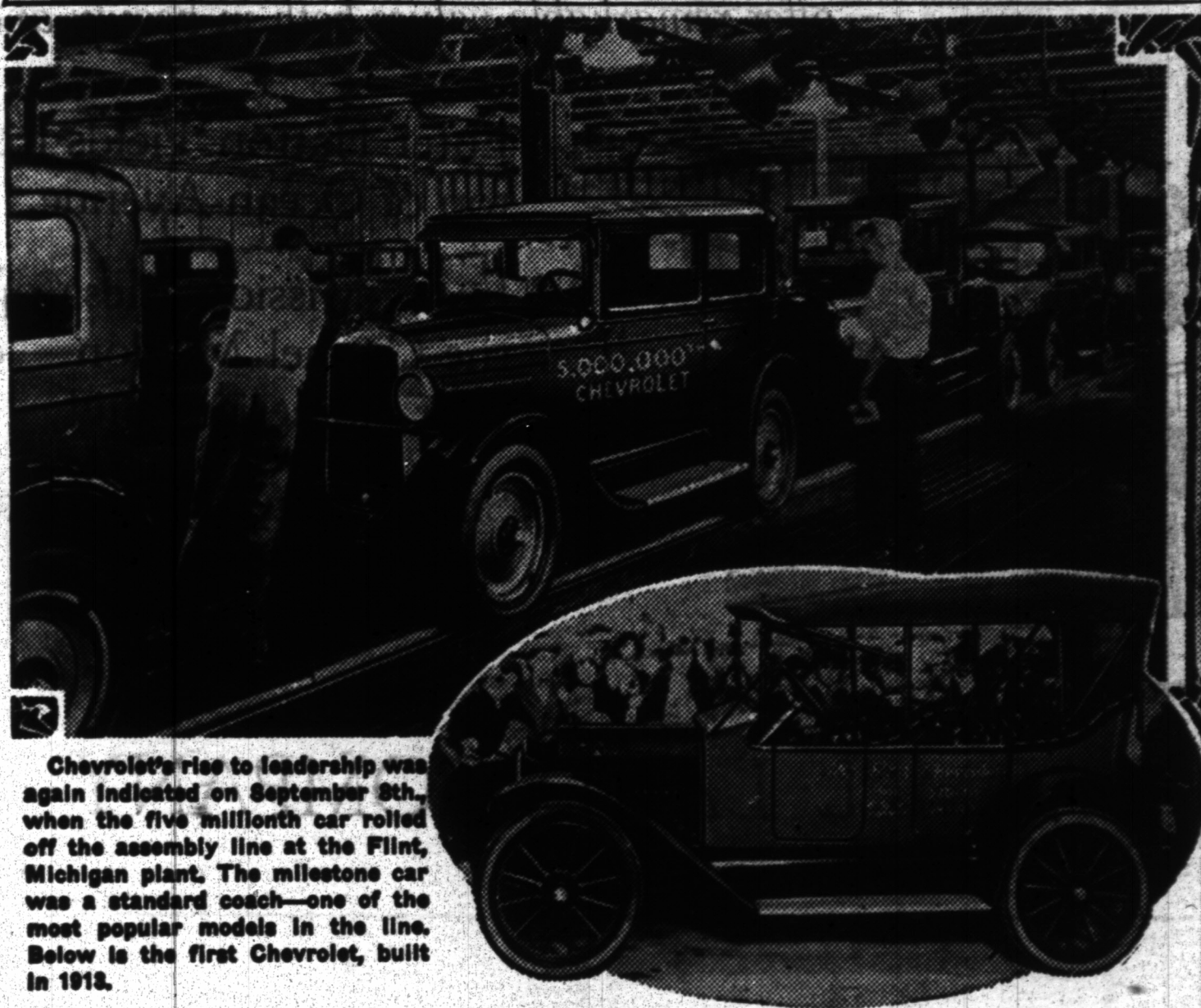
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